

Cancer

Mailed Free, Duty Free. — How to Cure Yourself in Ten Days Privately at Home.

No trouble — No Risk — Just Send Me Your Name And Be Cured — That's All!

My discovery has cured hundreds of cases in from 10 to 20 days after celebrated physicians and surgeons had declared them as good as dead.



Geo. Yost, Age 74, of Havana, Ill., Cured of Cancer By Dr. Curry in Twelve Days after Twenty Years' Suffering.

Don't Doubt — Don't Delay.

You have nothing to lose, everything to gain, by doing what I tell you. You can't afford to trifle with cancer. Health, life itself, is surely worth sending your name. If you want to be cured quickly and privately in your own home, send your name and address on the coupon to Dr. G. M. Curry, Box 1861, Lebanon, Ohio.

FREE CANCER COUPON.

Dr. G. M. CURRY
Lebanon, Ohio. Box 1861.

My name is

My address is

Town,

County, State,

MAIL THIS TO-DAY!

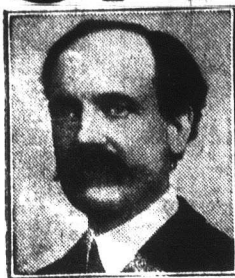
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Manufactured in Canada, especially to withstand the severe contraction of the frost. American paper Roofing is a failure in this respect. Fourteen years' experience has established the enduring quality of the All-Wool Mica Roofing. It is perfectly wind, water and fire proof. It is economy to use the best roofing. Please send stamps for samples and booklet.

W. G. FONSECA & SON,
AGENTS FOR WESTERN CANADA.

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For Your Farm, Home, or Other Property, No Matter Where, or What Its Worth.
IF YOU WANT A QUICK SALE send us the description and price of the property you want to sell, and we will write you by return mail, explaining how and why we can sell it.
IF YOU WANT TO BUY a property or a business of any kind, anywhere, write for our free catalog of bargains.

NORTHWESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY
Bank of Commerce Bldg. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Doubtful Satisfaction.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man, reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"
"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another variety."

"Well?"
"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"
"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"
"I suppose so. At least I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up and spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."

The Cause of Poverty.

A Philadelphian, says the New York "Tribune," was praising the late Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. "Wise woman as she was," he said, "Mrs. Dodge never refused a beggar; and, defending herself from any criticism one day, she narrated a conversation that she once overheard between two Maryland tramps as they lay under a tree on a superb afternoon."

"Bill," said the first, "why is it that poor people is always willin' to help us, while rich folks always turns us down?"

"The other, with a mirthless laugh, replied:
"Them that don't mind givin' things away is the ones that stays poor."

That Broad "A."

Governor McLane of New Hampshire was talking about Henry James criticism of American speech, says the New York "Tribune."

"I suppose that Mr. James wants us to use the broad 'a,'" he said, "and to talk in every way like Oxford graduates. The broad 'a' is all very well, and the Oxford graduate talks more musically, no doubt, than the native of Paint Rock. At the same time, it was through the cultivation of this English way of speaking that my best friend nearly lost his wife—lost her, I mean through divorce, not through death."

"She made some biscuits one day, and at dinner that night she said in her cultivated way:

"I made a big batch of these biscuits."

"You did indeed, dear," said my friend, her husband.

"How do you know how big a batch I made?" she asked, surprised.

"I thought," he murmured, "that you said botch."

A Generous Tip.

Mellville E. Ingalls, former president of the Big Four railroad system, tells this story of a waiter's tip:

He was lunching alone in a Cincinnati cafe. Near by sat a distinguished gentleman who casually asked his waiter:

"How is business?" The man said he was not doing well, upon which the dignified individual expressed regret, saying:

"Personally, I have always treated your craft in this house generously."

The waiter was assiduous in his attentions and helped the guest on with his coat. The dignified man laid his hand on the waiter's arm and said:

"Young man, you seem to be discontented with your lot and I am going to give you the best tip you ever received. Get into some other business."

And he walked away, leaving the waiter speechless.

"D'ye Want to Live Forever?"

The late General Fitzhugh Lee had a large fund of war-time anecdotes. He used to tell this one:

On account of the shifting of officers to replace losses, a young Irish captain was given command of a raw troop of volunteers who were under fire for the first time. Their baptism must have unnerved the recruits, for they never budged at the command to charge.

A second command likewise being disobeyed to their leader's stupefaction, he rode along the line glaring reproachfully at his men and demanding sarcastically:

"What ails you fellows, anyhow? D'ye want to live for ever?"

The Working Class.

A traveler in the mountain country of East Tennessee stopped one noon at a cabin, says the "New York Sun." In the shade of the house sat a comfortable-looking, middle-aged man, apparently at leisure. A dozen dogs loafed about him.

"Can I have dinner here?" asked the traveler.

"I reckon so," drawled the man, "when the old woman turns up."

The "old woman" came in after a while, leading a weary-looking mule, and wiping perspiration from beneath her big sunbonnet. She split some wood, built a fire, fetched some water, and soon had dinner ready.

"You have a fine country here," said the traveler, as they sat down to the meal.

"Stranger," said the woman, "I reckon it's about as fine as they is for men and dogs, but it's mighty hard on women and mules."

A Literary Question.

Ralph Henry Barbour is the author of many juvenile books. His latest is entitled "On Your Mark: A Story of College Life and Athletics." When a brand new volume reached his house and was added to the row of his work on top of his desk his niece came in to look at it.

After inspecting it gravely for a moment the little girl said:

"Uncle, did you write that?"

"Yes, dear."

"And all the rest of those?"

"Yes."

"Well, did all those things happen to you?"

"No; I've dreamed and thought a great many of them."

"But, uncle," said the little maiden solemnly, "do you think you ought to write them?"

Mark Twain's Kitchen.

Mark Twain settled the servant problem some years ago, so far as concerned his own domestics. When the famous humorist was building his house he quite astonished the architect by insisting that the kitchen should be placed on the ground floor, on a level with the entrance door, and with windows—good, large windows—overlooking it.

"But—a kitchen facing the hall door? I never heard of such a thing," protested the surprised architect.

"No, I daresay not," observed Mark Twain; "you see it is my own original idea."

"But what is the idea?"

"Oh, that's very simple. I want the cook and other servants in the kitchen to be able to see everybody that calls. Directly the bell rings, they look out of the window, without leaving their work, and see who it is and what they are wearing. The work will get done, the dinner won't be spoiled, time will be saved, and the maids will be happy and stay on with us. Under the old plan the poor souls were always running up and down the kitchen stair to allay their

curiosity. They wasted time and spoiled everything."

And the humorist's house was actually built with the kitchen on the ground floor overlooking the entrance.

An Autograph with a Hint.

An Autograph with a hint e
Andrew Carnegie greatly admires Ernest Haeckel, the famous scientist of the University of Jena, and not long ago he commissioned a young man, who was about to become a student at Jena, to get for him a Haeckel autograph.

The autograph, in English, in due course arrived. It read:

"Ernest Haeckel gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Andrew Carnegie of a Zumpt microscope for the biological laboratory of the Jena University."

A microscope, needless to say, arrived with Mr. Carnegie's compliments, at Jena within a few weeks.

Two of Him.

The President of the great insurance company was very busy. He had bought that morning 10,000 bonds at 47, and now he was trying to find out if there was any moral reason why he should not sell these bonds at 108 to the concern, pocketing, of course, the profit.

As he wrestled with this problem in high finance there came a knock on the door. He looked up impatiently, for he did not wish to be disturbed. There entered, however, the valet of the Secretary and Treasurer.

"Please, sir," the valet said, "I have here a voucher for \$20,000. Will you O. K. it for me. The master is going off on a month's vacation, and this money is for his expenses."

"But," said the President, "the Secretary and Treasurer has just got back from a month's vacation, for which I O. K'd a \$15,000 voucher."

"I know, sir," said the valet, calmly. "But that was the master's vacation as Secretary. It is his vacation as Treasurer he is going to take now."

Johnny Knew.

The class was reading, and little Johnny Fellows was the last one on the line. Teacher started with the head, and asked what was the feminine of "hero."

Number one shook her head. It passed to two. She missed it; so did three. As it came nearer and nearer to Johnny he became very much excited, apparently knowing the answer, and waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Johnny," said the teacher at last, "everybody has missed now. Can you tell me the feminine of hero?"

"Shero," shouted Johnny, exultantly.

Who could Understand them?

There is a well-known story told by Dean Ramsay years ago of two old ladies in his church:

"Was it no' a wonderful thing," said one of them, "that the Breetish were ave victorious over the French in battle?"

"Not a bit," said the other: "dinna ye ken the Breetish say their prayers before gaen into battle?"

"Aye," returned the first, "but canna the French say their prayers as weel?"

The reply was, "Hout, jabbering bodies, wha could understand them?"

Deserved Rebuke.

Mrs. Astor, the head of the Astor family, attended during her European tour a garden-party in the English Midlands.

Mrs. Astor's dignity is great. It resembles that of a duchess of the old school. Hence a certain young officer should have been wiser at the garden-party than to say to her, as he took out his cigarette-case, "Does smoking incommode you, madam?"

"I don't know, really," Mrs. Astor answered. "No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."



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